

THE LIGUORIAN



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CALENDARS

for

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 11

"It is Finished"

"It is finished." All is numbered.
Now He bows His Sacred Head—
And the Temple veil is sundered—
All the ancient laws are dead.

"It is finished." And for ever
Christ proclaims His final hour
He hath died our chains to sever.
Sin and Death no more have power.

"It is finished." He hath spoken
E'er He sought His glad repose.
Now the Pearly Gates are open
Through His Blood, no more to close.

"It is finished." Pain and anguish
Can no more assail Thee now.
Gone the grief which made Thee languish,
And the thorns upon Thy Brow.

"It is finished." We adore Thee
Scattered wide o'er every strand.
Men and angels bow before Thee
In one vast triumphant band.

"It is finished," and the story
Of Thy Passion shall be told
To Thine everlasting glory
Till the lengths of days be rolled.

—*Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.*

Father Tim Casey

THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

A cheerful, talkative group of passengers was enjoying the sun on the upper deck as the Italian liner approached the Azores. One could hardly believe that this lovely, sparkling sea was the same that had tossed so fiercely yesterday, or that these jovial tourists were the woe-begone creatures that had dragged themselves about so painfully a few hours before. So happy indeed were these good people that they felt the need of calling up some of their forgotten sorrows to give spice to their present joy. Mrs. James, rosy and rotund, was relating how her sons and daughters at home were gradually breaking her heart and leading her to an early grave.

Dr. Reinhorst finished his cocktail, brought down the glass with a thump, and began a discourse on the subject.

"The young people of today," he thundered, "are a menace to our high civilization. They have no stability of character, no love for work, no manners, no respect for authority, no affection for their parents, in a word—"

To his anger and disgust, the Doctor's eloquent climax was utterly wrecked by a resounding crash. The only son of Countess Campoazzuro had overturned a table covered with bottles and glasses.

"O Vittorio, you naughty child; come here this minute."

The young Count responded with an impish grin and went the opposite way.

"Don't touch that instrument."

He stopped and began to take it apart.

"Dear me," the Countess sighed, "how these dreadful times ruin our dear children." Countess Campoazzuro, by the way, was the daughter of an American soap manufacturer. In her matrimonial venture with "Il Conte Campoazzuro," she had furnished the money, he the title. As for religion, neither had much to give to their son and heir; the Countess contented herself with rooting out of the child's heart any stray sprouts of Catholicism he might have inherited from his father. This was the good lady who had said: "Dear me, how these dreadful times ruin our dear children." Then, feeling an irresistible impulse to beam upon somebody, she beamed upon an innocent bystander, the

Reverend Timothy Casey, who happened to be leaning over the rail, enjoying the prospect.

"I am sure, Reverend, you sympathize with the sad lot of parents in these evil times."

"Pardon, Signora Contessa," he murmured, "I must be truthful. Hence, I must say my sympathies are with the children rather than with the parents."

"And why, if I may ask?" came sharply from the soap-maker's daughter.

"Because parents have an opportunity to train their children according to their own ideas, while children must take the parents just as they are. And my opinion is that the children get the worst of the bargain."

Mrs. James interrupted them to say:

"This, sir, is the very fact we were deploring, the practical impossibility of training children properly owing to the irresponsible spirit of the times. Surely, you will agree with us in that."

"I cannot say that I enter very heartily into your sentiments," the priest replied.

"You have expressed your accord with us regarding corruption in politics and superficiality in education; why do you withhold approval of our decision regarding the almost insurmountable difficulty of training children properly?"

"Because they are quite distinct cases. You alone, no matter how good your intentions, cannot determine the complexion of politics or public education, but you can, and you must, exert a definite influence on the upbringing of your children. You, for example, Signora Contessa, are not responsible for the training of the hundred million children throughout the world, but you are completely responsible for your son, Vittorio. Do your duty, then, and you will have little personal reason for worrying about the evil effects of the spirit of the times upon the education of children."

"The unfortunate nature of the spirit of the times is the very thing that prevents us from educating our children as we would wish."

"Stuff, nonsense," muttered the priest. "I have never yet seen a lazy farmer who did not attribute all his failures to the soil and the weather. Cultivate your own little garden; train your own child properly, and you can view with less alarm the spirit of the times."

Hereupon a third person, Mrs. Murdock, joined in the conversation. "I understand what you mean, Father; you are insisting on the necessity of religion in education. But you really have no idea of the difficulties parents must contend with, even after they have given the children a thorough religious training. I have always sent my children to a Catholic school, yet, I regret to say, they are far from showing me the respect and obedience I have a right to expect."

"Well, no," Father Casey replied, "I was not thinking of religion in particular. I had in mind the duty of parents to form or educate the children entrusted to their care. Of course, that includes training in their duty to their God and Creator, or religion. Whoever eliminates that from his program dooms himself to certain failure at the very outset. But the religious training is not all. And even the religious training must come more from the home than from the school, if it is to be fully effective."

"In other words, Father, you think that none of us is doing the full duty of a parent."

"If you must all lament that your children, like so many others nowadays, are disobedient, disrespectful, impudent, forward, the presumption is that you have failed. If the biscuits are a fright, we are generally right in blaming the cook."

"What is wrong with our training?"

"It might be better to say what is wrong with you."

"Which is?"

"You are too selfish. No selfish person can properly fulfill this office which demands sacrifice of self, hour after hour, day after day, year after year."

"We selfish?"

"Yes," replied Father Casey. "The parents who refuse to accept all the children God wants to send them because so many children interfere with their comforts or pleasures, can scarcely be expected ever to make really good parents. Since they can weigh in the balance, on one side, their own pleasures, on the other, the sublime office of cooperating with Divine Providence in bringing souls into the world and preparing them for eternity—since they weigh these two in the balance, and decide in favor of their own pleasures or comforts, they can hardly be expected ever to measure up to the stern demands of this self-sacrificing office."

"In what is this self-sacrifice so much needed?" asked the Countess.

"In three things: in guiding and directing, in seeking help, in giving example. The first of these is undoubtedly the hardest, for it requires the most constant self-denial. There is no time, night or day, year in or year out, when parents are free from this duty of guiding and directing. There is no fixed rule which they can follow with regard to all their children; they must study each child, try to learn its good traits in order to cultivate them—its evil inclinations in order to restrain them. In this unending task they must never give way to discouragement, neither must they be carried away by impetuosity. They must be ready to see the work of years apparently lost in a day. They must be ready, with infinite patience, to set to work rebuilding from the foundations the ruined castle. No matter how often this happens, they may never, either in despair or anger, abandon the thankless task."

"Father, you are describing an impossibility."

"I am simply describing the good parents of this age and every age—the parents who realize that their highest and most sacred duty is to form and train the immortal souls committed to their care; the parents who make everything else in life subservient to this great duty. How many millions of true-hearted men and women will rise up in the judgment to thank God for giving them such parents."

"You say parents must also show self-sacrifice in seeking aid to train their children."

"Yes—and great self-sacrifice."

"Aid? From whom?"

"First of all from Almighty God. Without God's help, all their efforts are vain. They need this help every hour of the day; therefore, they should ask for it every hour of the day. Perhaps the principal reason why there are so many bad children today is because there are so few prayerful parents. The parent who knows the priceless treasure placed in his weak hands, will keep continually before the throne of God pleading for grace to be true to the trust. If he is honest in asking aid from God, he will prove it by making prudent use of all the helps God puts at his disposal—religious schools, sermons, instructions, retreats, good books, and a hundred other things useful in training the young. To provide these to the limit of one's possibility requires great self-sacrifice. Parents, who hesitate to provide these things for their children on account of the cost, are using a wrong measure of values and working against their own interests."

"The third matter," continued Father Casey, "in which great self-sacrifice is required, is in the giving of good example."

"How well I know that!" exclaimed Mrs. James. "When the children are about I must act like a different person. It is such a strain."

"That is not good example; that is hypocrisy. Good example consists in *living* the life you would have your children live."

"Oh, lookit! Lookit! The poipoises!" cried the irrepressible American boy with the unpronounceable Italian name.

And the conference ended in a rush to the rail.

COMFORT IN THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY

A young Scotchman, whose brother dropped dead at his side at a banquet, was deeply affected by his sad loss. He realized that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and since his creed knew nothing of an intermediate state between heaven and hell, he conceived a terrible anxiety as to the fate of his departed brother. This thought haunted him day and night.

On one All Saint's day, he wrote to the Abbé Gaume: "For the love of my brother I wish to embrace your Faith. I shall breathe more easily when I can pray for him. Your Faith alone makes it possible for us to help each other even after death. Your prayers take from the grave its terrible silence; you still converse with those who have departed this life; you know that human weakness, which is no crime, yet is not purity either. Between heaven and hell God has revealed to you a place of atonement; in this place, perhaps, my brother is, and I want to become a Catholic to obtain his release."

How comforting is indeed the doctrine of Purgatory to the heart of a devout Catholic!

CONFESSIONAL

(St. John IX.)

Unto the darksome Siloe
He sends His blind to me,
I am the spittle and the clay,
His power makes them see.

Cocksurenness is the vanity of the weak minded.

The Unwelcome Guest

A THANKSGIVING STORY

MARY CLARK JACOBS

"We've got to clean up this town."

"Something has to be done, I suppose."

The two voices carried to Father Frasher's ears, as he hurried down the street toward the parsonage. The tones, antagonistic and harsh, broke the reverie that held him since he left the bedside of an aged and dying man who was awaiting the summons to a better home, fortified with the grace of resignation to God's holy Will and humble and devout preparation for the hereafter. The priest glanced about, to see Judge Clemens and Doctor Graves turning in the gate of the physician's residence.

"Good morning, Father," the doctor's hearty voice boomed as he recognized the clergyman. "Are you busy as usual or can you spare us a few minutes?"

"I can give you a half hour," the priest answered, consulting his watch.

"Come with us, then, to my office and join the conference.

At the invitation, which the priest accepted, a slight frown puckered the Judge's face. He and Father Frasher were friends—very good friends, he would have insisted to anyone who dared to question that statement—but the community had honored him by placing him upon the judicial bench, and he hoped that he always acted with wisdom and justice, even while admitting that he was severe and stern, not feeling it within his jurisdiction to temper justice with mercy. And, secretly in the innermost depths of his soul, he admitted that Father Frasher was a great trial to him.

Now, why, he often questioned—though never aloud—could not the reverend gentleman do his duty, and even his full and impartial duty, in Church, pulpit, and Parochial School, without finding it necessary to know and endeavor to assist every needy family in the town? If Father Frasher would but confine his attentions to the sick and suffering, the Judge would have less cause for complaint, but every juvenile delinquent, every moral stumbler, as well as the more hardened offender, was an object of Father's ready sympathy and helpful interest. Small

wonder, then, that the Judge resented the physician's invitation to the priest to join them.

"What weighty matter is under discussion this morning?" Father Frasher asked with a smile as he seated himself in the doctor's office. "I caught your voices—something about cleaning up the town, I believe."

"Exactly!" snapped the Judge, "and 'tis high time we took some action. There was another oil station robbery last night."

"What station?" asked the priest.

"Jim Miller's garage."

"Too bad. Jim could ill afford to lose any money now."

"Well, you see the necessity of taking action, Father?" the Judge was quick to grasp his opportunity.

The clergyman nodded his head.

"Just what is to be the first move in this clean-up campaign?" he asked.

"We're going to drive all the undesirables out of town; we'll make this an unpleasant and an unhealthy stopping place for the tramp and hobo—they'll be unwelcome guests and quickly made to realize it."

"Well, Father—" the old doctor looked at the priest. "What do you think?"

"My Master bids his servants to go out to the 'highway and the byway' in search of the guest; and when he is found, he is not to be driven farther away, but brought to the table to be fed—and more than that, he is furnished with a suitable garment that he may not differ from the other guests."

"This is no time for sympathy, for charity, for philanthropy. We need drastic measures."

"Against the criminal, yes," agreed the priest calmly, "but need the unfortunate suffer also?"

"The unfortunate? The non-producer—the man who will not work. . . ."

"Remember, that man may be willing to do his share, merely physically weak or unable to secure a position," the priest reminded him.

"Then let him get away—move on and sponge on some other more gullible community. I give warning right now—and shall repeat that warning from the bench and in the daily paper—every man must be able to give a good account of himself. If he hasn't a home, or a job,

he'd better watch his step and not be brought before me. I shall show him no sympathy. I'll give him free board and lodging behind bars—the limit time for vagrancy if I can't find something more serious to hold against him.”

The priest arose.

“I think I'll leave you gentlemen to plan the reforms yourselves. I doubt if I can assist you much. In my own small way, I'm doing my best for my people, the sick and the poor and the needy and the unemployed, who seem to need so much more help, spiritual, moral and physical assistance, than their more fortunate neighbors. I must call upon Mrs. Miller. She has been ill and the baby not at all well. I fear this excitement of her husband's hold-up may affect her unpleasantly.”

The Judge's frown deepened as he watched the priest go down the steps.

“Father Frasher is a fine man—I like him—but it is easy to see he is no business man, no executive. He is a dreamer.”

“A dreamer? Father Frasher a dreamer?” the doctor laughed aloud. “Why, I should call him a doer, a worker. Look at his flourishing parish, the new Church and the fine parochial school building.”

But the Judge did not go into that.

Father Frasher, too, was frowning as he walked toward the Miller home, and the frown but deepened after that visit of sympathy and advice had been made. His thoughts were on a particular young man, the sort of a fellow the Judge would most emphatically term a hobo and unwelcome guest; and that young man was at that time working on the priest's car, in his garage in the rear of the parsonage.

Ragged, dirty, most uninviting in appearance he had come to the door that morning to beg a breakfast. So repulsive was he, that even kindly Mrs. Ritter, the housekeeper, hesitated to admit him, though she knew full well that it was the priest's orders that none be turned hungry from his door. So she fed him bountifully and while he was devouring the food with ravenous appetite, Father Frasher came quietly in.

As a result of his conversation, after the hearty meal, the tramp was taken upstairs for a bath and a change of clothing. Then, quite as a matter of fact, Father Frasher found that he needed the services of a man quite badly. There was his car that needed cleaning and the lawn should be cut, and the porch was actually begging for a coat of

paint. If the man would care to remain with him a while, while he rested after the strain of the past months of careless living, there was the spare room at his disposal and the priest would welcome him as a guest.

After a few minutes' hesitation, Ralph Martin accepted the priest's invitation; accepted it because he had nowhere else to go, no position was open to him because of his past record, and he was heartily tired of tramping the country. Here was a chance to come back—a chance such as none but a kindly gleaner of souls would hold out to a man who candidly admitted that he was an ex-convict.

Now, Father Frasher saw grave difficulties arising that would interfere with his plans for Ralph Martin's regeneration. He wanted to bring him back to his God, to find a job for him, to help him get back his self-respect and to be a worth-while citizen; and he realized that the Judge's mandate against what he termed "unwelcome guests" would immediately bring attention to Ralph Martin, and since he could give no satisfactory account of himself, he might be asked to leave at once. Why, he might be accused of the Miller hold-up.

"Well, Father, come look at your car," the enthusiastic call of his guest drew Father Frasher to the garage. "Looks 'most like new. I think you need me about to give it a regular overhauling."

"I think so, too," the priest murmured, though his voice was sad.

"Jump in, Father, and let me drive you about town. I want to explain something as I drive that will help you to keep the grunts and groans away. Don't know much about a car, do you?"

"I'm no mechanic," the clergyman admitted with a laugh. "It didn't take you long to discover that."

As they drove, Ralph explained other things besides the needs of the car. He told them without knowing it, for in his manner and conversation, the priest read much more than in his mere words, and he longed for an opportunity to start him on a new and better life.

The young man drove well, carefully, but even the careful driver meets the occasional accident. As he turned a corner, a child, a mite of a girl, dashed suddenly from the sidewalk and but for the sudden swerving of the car that sent it to be wrecked against a post, the child would surely have been killed or seriously injured. Fortunately, she was uninjured. Father Frasher escaped with a good shaking up and a deep cut over the cheek from the shattered windshield, but the driver was not so fortunate.

"My grandchild! Thank God, she is safe!" It was Judge Clement who dashed to the side of the wrecked car and after seeing that the little girl was safe, helped Father Frasher from the mass of ruins, while other willing hands carried the unconscious driver.

"That young man—he must be taken to my home—to be cared for," he cried, but Father Frasher objected.

"He is my guest—he is spending Thanksgiving with me. Carry him to the parsonage and call Doctor Graves."

"Why, he saved my granddaughter's life by risking his own," the Judge was deeply affected. "I owe him more than I can ever repay."

In spite of the discomfort of his injuries, Father Frasher managed to smile as he decided on a bold stroke.

"Yes, Judge, you owe him much—very much—but will you do what you can for that poor boy?"

"Of course, I shall. Who is he?"

"Ralph Martin is his name. He's an unfortunate—you don't need to ask for a good account of his past—he can't furnish it. But he has much *good* in him if someone is willing to give him a chance to prove it. He's one of those that you call an unwelcome guest—but to me he is most welcome because he needs me. Judge Clement, if I keep him with me, care for him until he is well—will you permit him to remain in this town? I'm asking more than that since you owe him a debt of gratitude: Will you help him to remain here by finding him a position? He's a good mechanic."

For just a minute, the Judge stared at the priest, then his face cleared and he managed to chuckle.

"You win, Father. I feared you would do something to soften the strong arm of justice when Doctor Graves called you in. You may entertain your Thanksgiving guest as long as you please, and I'll do what I can to help him."

Father Frasher smiled happily as old Doctor Graves prepared to take the necessary stitches in his damaged cheek.

"How's my young man?"

"Hadn't you better send him to a hospital, Father? If you keep him here, he'll be a Christmas guest as well, for it will be a month or more before he is able to get about."

"Isn't that lovely—oh, not that Ralph Martin is injured—but that I am to have him with me so long?" murmured the priest as the needle

jabbed into his skin. "It will take me about that length of time to get his soul started back on the road to God, and at the same time you can be making his body fit; then the Judge—"

"Yes, the Judge?" the doctor jabbed the needle again.

"Oh, the Judge has decided not to be so severe on the unwelcome guests," murmured the priest. "In fact, he seems to think this young man quite a desired adjunct to the community since he saved his granddaughter from possible serious accident. The Judge will find our patient a suitable position and even assist him—absolutely he will not hamper him here."

"Hum!" grunted the physician.

"Come to dinner with me tomorrow—the Judge will be here. The three of us are going to eat it in the spare bedroom so that a certain young man will be able to share it—as a most welcome guest at our Thanksgiving dinner."

A SENSE OF SECURITY

The recent conversion to Catholicism of Senator Barbosa Lima, of Brazil, has caused quite a stir in Brazilian scientific and political circles.

When asked by a reporter of the *Jornal de Brazil* to make some statement for publication, the senator, who had been well known throughout Brazil as a materialist, a freethinker, and a mathematician, declared that for many years he thought to find in science a complete explanation of the mystery of the universe, but that his efforts had been in vain.

It was then, he said, that disillusioned and with puzzled soul, he turned to religion and found in the Catholic Faith that which science had not been able to give him.

It is confusion to say that in all religions there is truth. Religion is one, not many; and the one only religion pervades the darkest aberrations of the human intellect; it has been, and is, universal at all times and amongst all the races of mankind.—Card. Manning.

Think of the past history of your soul only as a remedy for conquering pride. Unhealthy brooding over what is irreparable and irrecoverable is utter waste of time. Let the past be a spur and an incentive not to useless mental worry, but to greater humility and fidelity in the future.

A Profitable Investment

Q. B. DENGES, C.Ss.R.

Reject not the petition of the afflicted, and turn not away thy face from the needy. (Ecclus. 4:4.)

Years ago, centuries ago, there was a great commotion in a certain city by the sea. All up and down the streets of Joppa, for this was the city's name, the poor were hurrying about, speaking about a certain Christian woman named Tabitha, who was now at the brink of the grave. Tabitha had accepted the Faith of Jesus of Nazareth; she had spent her days in fasting and prayer and almsgiving. With her own hands she had often made garments of all sorts and given them to the needy of Joppa. Today Tabitha lies at death's door; she hears creaking hinges, the creaking hinges of the portal of death which swings wide open to receive her.

The hour of departure struck. Heaven was apparently barred to all petitions for her life. Great was the lamentation throughout Joppa when the sad news was whispered abroad. 'Tis true, a saint had passed to her reward; but the poor had lost their mother and sister. They washed her body and prepared it for burial, laying it in the upper chamber of the house, as the custom was. Around the sacred remains gathered the weeping poor, holding in their hands the shawls and cloaks and veils that Tabitha had made for them with the industry of her own hands. They wept; but still they had hope. They knew how Martha and Mary were all but in despair of seeing Lazarus alive again, when suddenly there came the awful cry: "Lazarus, come forth!" They knew how the widow of Naim once saw the blaze of noon flare up all unexpectedly into her starless night. With sorrow in the house of Tabitha there was also hope, hope for the life of the maiden, the mother of the poor of Joppa.

The little spark of hope soon became a blazing fire. Why? This is how it happened. A messenger rode into Joppa crying aloud: "Peter just came to Lydda and has cured Eneas!" Now everybody in Joppa knew that Eneas had been confined to bed for eight whole years, a helpless paralytic. The glad tidings reached the house of Tabitha. Only one thing was to be done: Peter must be brought to Joppa. Quicker than I can tell you, two messengers tripped along the eight miles of

dirt road that leads southeast from Joppa to Lydda. What the messengers said, I know not. Anyhow, kind-hearted St. Peter heard their story and was soon with them on the way back. Praying as he goes, the Apostle finally enters the house. Up the creaking stairs he goes and then—that never-to-be-forgotten sight—the heart of Peter breaks. A cock-crow and a look some five years back caused a similar feeling. And can you blame the noble heart of Peter for breaking at that sight? Look! The weeping women, the ones that Christ said we should always have with us, show the Prince of the Apostles the warm woolen shawls, the scarfs, the veils, the garments Tabitha had made for them. These mute fragments of warmth, these dull, dumb pieces of cloth speak, plead, cry out for the life of Tabitha. It was more than enough. Such pleading St. Peter could not refuse. He prayed, stood erect, commanded in the name of Jesus: "Tabitha, arise!" And Tabitha did arise.

This touching story proves beyond all doubt the power of pleading. Would we not like to have somebody to plead for us, just as the weeping women pleaded so successfully for the Christian maiden Tabitha? Well, we all can be other Tabithas; it is in our power to gain hundreds of pleaders who will interest themselves in our cause when we shall stand most in need of assistance. Perhaps you can guess what I mean. I mean the souls we help to liberate from the cleansing flames of Purgatory. Every soul we bring more speedily to the enjoyment of Heaven will one day beg God to show mercy to us. Is it not a safe and profitable investment to gain as many friends and pleaders as possible? Will we ever regret this investment? Perform good deeds in behalf of the Poor Souls; frequently have the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass offered up for your departed friends and relatives and benefactors. What a consoling thought it will be for you to know that all through life and especially at the moment of greatest need, you have numberless friends standing before the Throne of God who plead for you, just like the poor of Joppa pleaded before the Prince of the Apostles. And tell me, can the loving Heart of our Redeemer be less tender than the heart of St. Peter? Can the pleadings of the friends of Christ, showing Him the priceless garment of eternal glory they obtained more speedily than they deserved by reason of your prayers and good deeds offered for them—can these pleas be in vain? Can these pleadings fall on deaf ears? Impossible. Our dearest Saviour will show you mercy as you showed mercy to His suffering members; He will address you with those

words so full of consolation and assurance: "As long as you have done it to one of these My least brethren, you have done it to Me. Enter into the joy of your Lord."

WE THANK THEE

We thank Thee for the gentle flowers,
The daytime with its sunlit hours,
The night beneath its robe of stars,
Where moonbeams dance like golden bars.

The graceful woods, the mountains high;
The mighty rivers rolling by;
The prospect where the valley breaks
To clothe itself in silver lakes.

We thank Thee for the leafy bowers
Where nature builds its rough-hewn towers
In monumental rock and stone,
Like feudal castles, overthrown.

We thank Thee for the warblers gay,
Who sing Thy praises day by day.
Thy beauty-touch on wold and lea—
Thy majesty upon the sea.

We thank Thee for our Holy Faith—
And our protection from all scathe.
We thank Thee in our pain, or health,
Good fortune, poverty, or wealth.

For all we cherish here below
A stream of gratitude must flow;
Which stream at length must rise to flood
To thank Thee for Thy Precious Blood.

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Children should be taught the nobility of obedience. Voluntary obedience to law is one of the greatest privileges of man.

Sword And Cross

GENERAL LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

In a recent interview which received wide publicity, Marshall Foch, the hero of the World War, was asked whether his religion had any bearing on his cause.

"Certainly," answered the General; "it is a fundamental element in my character and hence has entered into the part I have played as a man and as a soldier."

When we study the career of General de Sonis, so remarkable for bravery and achievement, we cannot help confessing that his deep and intelligent religiousness was the deepest and most permeating element in his character.

His religion had all the characteristics of the man, and in turn gave a higher seriousness and consecration to all he did.

His Faith was thorough; it permeated his whole character.

In 1837, while he was a cadet at the College of Juilly, a fellow-student wrote of him:

"De Sonis was the most sympathetic of companions, toward whom one felt drawn at once and for life. There was nothing extraordinary about him, but a great sweetness and dignity, together with an admirable simplicity. The charm was in his character, which won all hearts. His piety was genuine and strong, yet modest and gentle. . . . He excelled in all our games, etc."

At the College of St. Cyr he found atheism rampant. There were few believing Catholics, and fewer still who practiced their religion. Whenever he got leave of absence, his first act was to go to Confession and Communion. And it was during those college days, probably in 1846, that he spent a day at the Benedictine Monastery of Solesmes in retreat. One of the monks remarked to him:

"Why do you not stop with us for good?"

"I have often felt the echo of those words in my heart and yet I felt convinced that I had not in me the stuff to make a good Benedictine. God drove my bark into other waters, probably more in accordance with my nature, and I thank Him for it, although I have always preserved the highest idea of the monastic life, for which I have always had a secret leaning."

There apparently he learned to look on his life as a soldier as a true vocation and conceived a high idea of his responsibility to God. In fact, he made a vow of fidelity to God, of which he tells in a letter:

"I know that God has led me by the hand through many dangers; but before running such risks, I had promised my Divine Master that, aided by His grace, I never would refuse Him anything. It does not become me to praise myself; but I feel that one cannot bargain with God."

Such a total surrender to God, such a complete consecration, cannot but have a deep influence on one's whole life. It is a vow that made Saints. The Little Flower—so tender and frail beside the General, made that same vow: never to refuse anything to God.

From that time on, we cannot fail to notice how his religious outlook colored all his actions and gave him a wonderful bravery and courage.

He became a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society—and his chief aim was "to bring souls back to God."

He was not afraid of ridicule and bore it bravely; but it was short lived in the face of his absolute fearlessness and his straightforward Catholicism.

All events of life he looked upon as God's Will. Thus, when his close friend, Louis de Seze, congratulated him prematurely on his promotion to the captaincy, he wrote:

"Your felicitations, my dear good friend, instead of coming too late, came too soon! But I fancy I shall soon have a change of position, though nothing is yet settled. It must be as God wills. Some will say: This man is a philosopher. I only pretend to be a Christian, which title is worth many others and which I appreciate every day more and more."

"I strive to work hard for God and heaven," he wrote about that time, the early years of his married life and career, when he was struggling with poverty; "God knows I do it very badly, but at any rate, it is my sole wish and intention."

Even during those early years, he showed a remarkable devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He made a resolution to go to Mass daily whenever possible. He went to Holy Communion every week, as long as he was in a position to do so; later, in the midst of his campaign, we shall see how he strove to be true to these resolves. Every day, too, he made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and spent some time in meditation. He called it his "waiting" before the throne of God.

An incident from those early days at Limoges—he used to laugh over it later—he himself describes. We give it here, because it reveals the depth of his Faith and piety better than anything else could.

“One day I was doing my duty with the other officers in the mess-room and leaning against the chimney-piece with a newspaper in my hand, when I heard a little bell ringing at intervals—which I fancied was for the Blessed Sacrament being carried to some sick person. I had a moment’s struggle. Should I stand like the rest, or should I kneel?

“But, then, I thought, ‘If it were the Emperor or even the General of Division passing, would not everyone salute him? and this is my God!’ Accordingly I went to the window, fully determined to kneel on both knees as the Blessed Sacrament passed, when, what do I see?—a vulgar cart, which an itinerant hawker was driving through the town with this little hypocritical bell! Well, our Lord, I hope, was satisfied with my good will.”

Another incident that clearly reveals how deep his religious convictions were and how tender his conscience, is told of his Lieutenant days at Limoges.

One Sunday afternoon, coming home from a review, in full uniform, and passing before the parish church of St. Michael, he went in to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament according to his custom. It was just the end of Vespers and the congregation was dispersing; all stared at this handsome young officer in a way which made him rather shy and uncomfortable. However, conquering his disinclination to remain, he said to himself:

“Why should I not make the way of the Cross? Why should I blush for adoring Jesus Crucified?”

Forthwith he proceeded to make the Stations from first to last. Then he was seized with a scruple. Perhaps he had made too great a show of his piety. He went to M. de Sozenet and told him exactly what had happened.

“You wished to break yourself of human respect, didn’t you?” said the priest. “You did well. But do not try it again.”

Can we imagine, however, such an impulse and such an act in anyone except a deeply religious man?

True piety has as its basis clearly realized a sort of kinship with God—as His child. It implies a sense of our dependence on God—as

a child on its parents—a dependence that results in love—perfect trust, and readiest desire to please and to give pleasure—and a recognition of the fatherly attitude of God toward us—seeing it in everything that He does or permits. Everything displeasing to God, touches us, moreover, as painful to ourselves.

How beautifully this true piety is exemplified in the life—so varied, so busy, so external—of the Soldier de Sonis!

His brother, Theobold, who later became a fervent Christian, and, like Gaston, became a General in the French army, was for a while indifferent to his religion. This grieved Gaston very much. He gave expression to his feeling in a letter to his friend, Louis de Size:

"How happy I should be if Theobold were not an exception among us. I am ready, I hope, to accept all the sorrows God may send me with calmness and resignation, but that I cannot accept. Please pray for him, dear Louis."

To his Sister Marie, who had entered the Convent of Carmel, and felt some of its hardships, he wrote:

"But, my dear little Sister, would you sadden the heart of our dear Jesus, who claims you as His spouse? When one has given oneself altogether to such a Master, can one refuse him anything henceforth?"

The interests of God were his own wherever he went. When he arrived in Africa for his first Campaign, the condition he found made him write:

"I cannot help hoping that this work (the orphanages) will be one of the principal elements for the regeneration of this poor Africa, and that the day will come when God will be really loved in a land where He is now blasphemed."

In another letter we find these words of real concern for God's interests:

"The more I see of this country the more I long to make reparation for the many outrages which Our Lord is continually receiving here."

The condition of the Army—with the atheism coming down from the highest offices—saddened him; yet he was hopeful for the future.

"Those who practice their religion are excellent Christians. It is the numbers that are wanting. There is an immense Apostolate to be done in the army, for there is genuine, honest faith under their uniforms, which one sees especially in campaigns and in the midst of privations and death."

TRUST

His complete trust in Divine Providence is illustrated in ever so many letters. Thus, when Horace Vernet, the celebrated painter, wished to interest himself for de Sonis and get a promotion for him at a time when de Sonis' growing family brought the young father and mother into straitened circumstances, de Sonis kindly declined, saying:

"I thank you, my dear friend, but I must repeat what I have so often said before, that I will never ask anything from anybody. This is not, believe me, from any foolish pride, but because I cannot bear to be an occasion of worry and annoyance to my friends, and never would do anything to curry favor with the dispensers of promotion; not that I do not think it is a duty to provide for my ever-increasing family; but I have great faith in Divine Providence, and I do not think that God will ever leave those in misery who strive to be His faithful servants."

To him, in fact, love and trust were the very essence of religion. When exiled, so to speak, from his family, in Algiers, he wrote to his wife:

"God has willed it otherwise. Let us submit to His holy Will. To be a Christian, after all, consists in that; and if I were to sum up in two words what I look upon as the essence of our faith, it would be Love and Resignation."

And I think the following note from one of his letters at that time is very characteristic of his spirit:

"How quickly the time goes when one is very happy! I have done my best to profit by the time of Advent, and to prepare myself for a separation which may be an eternal one. But I have placed my life at the feet of Him who gave His own for us."

PRACTICE

From a man so thoroughly religious, whose faith had penetrated his heart and soul, we would not expect only spasmodic practice of his religion but the greatest regularity. And this is just what impressed everyone who knew de Sonis.

During his early days as Captain at Limoges we find him at Mass daily whenever possible, visiting the Blessed Sacrament daily; spending a short time in meditation and reading, and receiving Holy Communion every week. That was in the Barracks.

In Algiers, the priest at Mustapha said of him: "He really was

like a Christian of the Middle Ages. His interior life was more like that of a religious than a soldier. Constant prayer and frequent Communion raised him daily nearer and nearer toward perfection."

During his campaigns, whenever their marches led to a city where there was a church, his first concern was to find the priest, go to the Sacraments, and pay a long visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He could not have been more faithful to his religious duties if he were quietly at home. He himself tells us, in answer to a priest's inquiry:

"As soon as my regiment had arrived at their camp, and I had given all the necessary orders to my troops, I used to look for the nearest church to find the priest in charge. Generally the good priest knew as much French as I did Italian, so I had to brush up my college Latin to make myself understood. 'Will you please hear my Confession as soon as possible?' I would say on coming in; 'we will talk afterwards if there be time.' When I could I went to Communion directly after; or if it were too late, next morning. After that I came back joyfully to camp, full of peace and the love of God. Death might come but I was all right, and remounted my horse ready for any sacrifice."

During the campaign of Morocco, in 1859, he joined the Third Order of Mount Carmel, and remained an exact and devoted member till his death.

He, moreover, adhered rigorously to the church's laws of fast and abstinence even in the midst of the severest campaigns. Thus, he said to his confessor at Laghouat:

"I know that I had sufficient reasons to dispense myself during this fatiguing journey (during Lent). But I did not want to give the Arabs occasion to declare that Musselman observe the laws of their religion better than Christians; so I kept the fast strictly—only one meal, which I took in the evening."

During the very trying and difficult expedition under General Yusuf, which was one continued series of skirmishes amid the privations of the desert, Colonel Marmier, a fellow officer of de Sonis', exclaimed:

"What a man that de Sonis is! And what a determined Christian! We often had nothing but dead horses to eat during our expedition; but in spite of that he never would touch meat on Fridays. He is the most wonderful man in the army."

During his service as Military Commander at Saida, he served Mass every day, and went to Communion almost three times a week.

He longed for a few days of solitude to make a retreat, but his duties made this impossible.

"My life is indeed a strange one," he wrote to his dear friend Henri Lamy; "and I sometimes fear the justice of God from having experienced so much of his mercy. God has allowed me to see so clearly into the things of the other world, and He has given me such lights, that if I do not follow them I shall be guilty indeed. I envy you being able to make a retreat. I am always on the move, alas! and yet I feel it is high time that I should be allowed to recollect myself a little and have a little short time of silence with my God."

When he could not get to Mass on a Sunday because he was on the march, he would read his Mass prayers in his tent. Thus, he writes from camp on one of his African expeditions:

"This morning, the third Sunday of Advent, I was reading my Mass as usual in my tent, and I found in the Gospel these words addressed to the great Precursor: 'Who art thou?' I could not help addressing these words to myself and going back to the days of my childhood and youth until now, always preserved and guided by the good God. What am I to have been the object of so many graces? to have been preserved from so many dangers? to have been raised up after so many falls? What are we all, in fact, but souls bought at the price of the Blood of God. We are not only dust and ashes; we are something grander—we are immortal souls."

Another practice which marks the convinced and sane piety of de Sonis, was the order of day he invariably established in his various places of residence as military commander and later as General. An officer of his staff, for instance, describes his home at Laghouat in Africa:

"What struck me most in his beautiful life was the activity, order and regularity which distinguished it. Everything had a fixed hour, like the life of a religious rather than of a soldier. The first part of the day was always given to God. Very early in the morning he would retire into some quiet spot to pray, make his meditation and read some pious book. He used to prefer the Gospel or the Imitation for this purpose. At half-past six or seven he went to Mass in silence. . . .

"As soon as he came back from church he breakfasted quickly and began his work. . . .

"This went on till supper time, when he gave the rest of his time

to his family. Except his little office-book, as a Tertiary of Mount Carmel, he never read anything after that; but the day closed with saying the rosary and night prayers all together."

Self-control was one of his dominant characteristics. His soldierly obedience, without a word of explanation, was one manifestation of this; his control of his temper another.

"When things went wrong," wrote his chief of staff, "he was very much annoyed, and his first words showed it, though they were always perfectly courteous. But, then, overcoming his first impulse of vexation or anxiety, he would change his tone, and I observed that he always fixed his eye on something behind the desk where he was standing or sitting.

"One day curiosity prompted me to find out what was on this writing table, and there I discovered a crucifix! It was a look at this which brought back his sweetness and peace of mind; and this will show you to what an extent he carried his feelings of duty and self-control and the source from which they were derived."

His piety was marked by the same fearlessness that stamped all his actions and made him so universally admired.

"I bless God," he writes at a time when he was treated unjustly by his superior officer, "for having placed me in a position in which sacrifices are daily and hourly to be met with and where I can share in the humiliations and sufferings of our Divine Master. Men who strive to lead Christian lives are not popular in the French army; but this is an excellent thing for one's soul, for which we must thank God as He has willed it so."

No wonder that when, after the fatal battle of the Loire in which he lost his leg and almost his life, he returned to Limoges, the people said:

"He is the Saint of the Cathedral."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Art, in the hands of a saint, ministers to virtue; in the hands of the sinner, to vice. The soul must be liberated, the will elevated, its affection purified by other than aesthetic influences before aesthetic culture can aid moral progress.—*Brownson*.

He who does not finish achieves nothing.

Ramblings on the King's Highway

C.Ss.R.

Ten years it is, this month of the Poor Souls, since the world thrilled to the news of the Armistice. Who is there who does not remember the thankful prayers to God, the joyous shouts that marked that day and night? I wonder how many of the boys who were overseas will pray this month for the comrades they left behind or for those who have answered God's call since then?

* * *

Memories of war! The Chaplains—some of them, very few, got into the news columns of the daily papers, but most of them crept into the hearts of their charges. Religion played its part in the gigantic struggle that left the world aghast and resolved to outlaw war. But the Chaplain was more than a Minister of the Gospel in wartime. The Army regarded him as a sort of handy-man to whom every task not assigned by Army regulations should be handed. Postmaster to the Regiment, Censor, Letter-writer, Pawn Broker, Board of Arbitration, are a few of the titles he might well have laid claim to, for he was expected to fill all these offices. And some of those at home, even his ecclesiastical Superiors, thought he should hand in weekly reports more voluminous than the annual report of a parish priest. We well remember the emphatic language used by one of our own, who had been sleeping in slime, dodging bullets, burying the dead, shriving the living and anointing the dying for twenty-seven days of fearful struggle in the front lines, when he was handed a communication reminding him that he was two weeks behind in his report of ministerial duties performed, and demanding that he have said report ready for filing within twenty-four hours. Within said twenty-four hours the poor delinquent received two citations for bravery and efficiency. But he was reprimanded on his return to rest-billets for failure to file reports.

* * *

Knocking about on trains over here we were anxious to interview everyone we met who had been over there. Accounts varied according to the branch of service in which the veteran had been enlisted or the duty to which he had been assigned. Machine-gunners, men of the Signal Corps, Nurses, Surgeons, Artillerymen, K. of C. Secretaries,

Engineers and Doughboys—all had vivid, thrilling tales; all interesting, but widely differing. On one thing only did all agree. About the dying. Whether in hospital, in trench, or lying out in No Man's Land, torn and bleeding, gasping out the last few breaths of life, all: the rough and the gentle, the strong and the weak, the saint and the sinner—all had one name, one cry on their lips. "Mother—Mother," was their call. The sweetest memory in life is sure to be with us in death. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death!"

* * *

One of our boys had been released from the hospital the day the Armistice was signed. He had not yet returned to his regiment, but joined another outfit going into action. He was reported dead and the official notice "Killed in Action" was sent his widowed mother. Then came the news that he had been seen after the Armistice. His grave was never located. An acquaintance had seen him fall. His mother died only lately; but she hoped against hope that he was still alive.

* * *

Fifth Avenue and the Sixty-ninth returned in triumph. "They are still in service and must march as soldiers," decreed their Colonel. And just so did they march. A wild cheer greets the van of the regiment as the idols of the metropolis swing by in battalion formation. A wild cheer—and then silence. The regimental flags are passing by and the hundreds of thousands on sidewalks and in stands remain stiffly at attention. Then a sigh like the moaning of the ocean. A sigh and a shower of tears. Surrounded by a special color guard, the Service Flag of the Sixty-ninth goes up the Avenue. A strange Service Flag this, potent reminder of the price our boys have paid for glory and victory. Six hundred and more stars of gold pay tribute to those who did not come back—who died in battle and are sleeping overseas. After the flag, ride wounded members of the regiment. Only a single regiment this, New York's Fighting Sixty-ninth. We have seen whole divisions march up the Avenue, but none elicited the tribute of tears won by the Service Flag of New York's Own.

* * *

Influenza in the camps at home as well as overseas took a toll well-nigh as heavy as the guns and bayonets of the enemy. Thousands died in one camp in the East. Morale was at a low ebb. Daily, hundreds

fell victims to the dread scourge. Medical aid seemed helpless to assist, hospital space was soon overtaxed and the camp became one vast hospital. Nursing service was absolutely paralyzed. Then the Commanding General called in desperation on the Catholic Sisterhoods for help. Eight nuns were sent to the camp. In three weeks they had wiped out the epidemic. Prayer, the good Sisters assured the General, had done more than their scientific nursing. After profuse thanks and many eulogistic speeches, the nuns returned to their convents, many of them to take up again their teaching in humble classrooms which had been closed during the epidemic.

* * *

Why all these "ramblings" about the war and our soldiers, when we did not get overseas and our service consisted in consoling mothers whose boys had been torn from them by the draft, in welfare work in the camp and in helping sorely overworked chaplains in camps and hospitals? Because the country is beginning to realize after ten years what the war meant, and is tardily beginning to recognize the service rendered by our soldiers. For five years after the Armistice, war was a tabooed topic. People simply were not interested. But a glance at our magazines will show that nowadays it is of vital interest. War stories, essays on who won the war, and why and how, cover page on page in almost every publication. Shocking is the attitude exhibited by many authors and the aim of most stories dealing with the war would seem to be—to make us believe that overseas our soldiers were a roistering, boisterous crowd of drunkards, blasphemers and rouses to a man. Such is not the case. Sluggard Catholicity in France owes much of its revivification to the simple, ardent, childlike, practical Faith exhibited by American Catholic officers and soldiers. All Catholic soldiers carried Rosaries, medals or prayer books. Most of them prayed and every one of them showed at least reverence for things religious.

* * *

Another reason for our war talk is to remind us to be patient with the shortcomings of those who served overseas. It was an ordeal, this service in trench amid mud and slime, on poor rations or even none at all, amid not only shot and shell but horrors that modern war has invented and claimed as its very own. And the ordeal seared the very souls of those who endured it. Prematurely gray are many of the youth of our land who served in France. Few of them are more than

forty years of age even now, but theirs are the lines of those who have lived long and suffered much. And their eyes! Dear God, there is stark tragedy staring out of the eyes of many of these men to belie the smile on their lips and the ready jest on their tongues. They are eager to laugh and they long to forget!

* * *

Soldiers readily forget the enmities of war, unless it be a civil war. Hate is something violent and violent passions seldom endure. In a restaurant I know, the head waiter is a former Captain in the German Army and the Doughboy who captured him owns the place. In the mines and steel works Italians, Slavs, Austrians, Germans, and French work under the direction of and take orders from former doughboys. They fraternize not only in working hours but belong to the same clubs and visit each other's houses. A member of a "U" boat crew is engineer at a girls' academy and the chauffeur for the Sisters in charge scoured the ocean in an American submarine. But the war, though it united men more closely after it was over, had a more lasting effect in that it made us all realize we are in the hands of God. Democracy rose to new heights of power after the struggle, but war will be outlawed only when men realize the true Christian Democracy which makes us pray "Our Father" and unites us under one fold and one Shepherd.

* * *

And after ten years under the poppies in Flanders' fields and beneath the soil of France where the plowshare still turns up an occasional shell or rusted helmet, those who went overseas and did not come back are sleeping. Borne on wings of memory, and carried by the ocean breezes this month of November, speaking from every falling leaf—and leaves fall hardly more swiftly than death called them—comes their cry to us: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me!"

The lessons of our daily lives should be always to be faithful to conscience in all things, no matter how small or trivial they may be. Then peace and happiness will make a boon which surpasses the possession of every earthly good.

Eloquence is speaking out of the abundance of the heart.

In the Wake of the Hurricane

VERY REV. JOS. E. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

(Vice-Provincial of Porto Rico.)

One of the first reports of the terrible disaster in Porto Rico and the Islands that came to the Catholic Press, came from Father Murphy. We intend to give some extracts from this report and add also a report from Bishop James Moris, C.Ss.R., of Roseau, B. W. I.

Very Rev. Father Murphy writes:

"First, let me speak of what I saw on one tour which I made following the storm. I went through a great part of the Caguas district. There I found the poor people hungry and looking for food, clothing and building material; many were huddled together under gables that looked worse than dog kennels. While on this tour of inspection, I baptized a dying child, performing the ceremony on bended knees, as the shack was too low. The mother lay on the floor."

Then he quotes for us reports which he received from priests in various parts of the Island.

Father Ramon Martinez writes from Lares:

"In Lares everything has been swept away; country burned up; hovels of the poor completely destroyed; the palaces of the rich shattered; in the town several houses that were considered solid, have fallen to the ground. . . . The chapel of Piletas, where I had just celebrated the patronal feast, has been completely destroyed, and we must now work to rebuild it."

Father Joaquin Palacios, of Yabucoa, reports:

"Of all towns of the Island, Yabucoa has been most severely punished. It is now no more than a heap of ruins. My rectory has been destroyed and the church has suffered considerable damage. All the chapels in the country are lost. May the Lord have mercy on us."

Very Rev. Albert Zudeck writes from Christiansted:

"Naturally, one must look for some property damage in any hurricane; but this last, the worst in the memory of any of the natives here, has certainly exacted a terrible toll in property loss on the Island and from Holy Cross parish in particular.

"The school building that contained two classrooms and the hall is partially torn away; the roof of the Sisters' convent on the north side

is gone; the outbuildings and the dwelling that served as a kindergarten is leveled to the ground; the church is badly battered in places, but not too bad; the roof of the garage is entirely lifted and carried over the wall into the street; the roof of the rectory has several holes made by flying debris.

"But this is only what happened at Christiansted; the damage at Barrensport is indescribable. Barring only what I saw as chaplain in the devastated areas of France, I never saw such complete destruction. The school is a complete wreck, building, furniture, everything. Not only was the wooden superstructure carried away and turned upside down on the other side, but the stone structure that formed the ground floor was razed to the ground. There isn't a thing that can be salvaged in any way. St. Ann's school in Barrensport is beyond repair. The church remains intact, with the roof leaking in places."

"Perhaps my own experience," continues Father Murphy, will give some idea of what happened. I was in Mayaguez on business concerning a new convent. While waiting at the Mayaguez station, to take the 1:15 train, there was some doubt as to whether the train would leave owing to the approaching storm. They finally decided to try it. We reached Anasco in the midst of pelting rain and heavy wind. There we remained for about an hour, after which they decided to return to Mayaguez. Thank God they did it! Otherwise we might have been marooned between stations without shelter, food or water.

"I reached Mayaguez about four o'clock, and then the storm raged furiously till about eight. . . . From eight o'clock till about eleven there was a lull, when the storm returned with renewed fury. . . .

"Friday morning Mayaguez presented a sad spectacle: trees, telegraph poles along the streets; many houses without roofs, a few with the whole front torn away; low sections under water. Mayaguez was entirely cut off from other towns, with no communication either by rail or auto or wire."

Father Murphy made several attempts to reach Caguas, and finally, after a difficult trip over roads that were closed by heavy landslides, he succeeded in reaching Caguas.

"Although the devastation," he continues, "was visible all along the road, the districts where it was most apparent were Aboinito, Cayey and Caguas. I watched out for the Beatriz chapel, and to my great dismay, it was razed to the ground. A sad tale awaited me at Caguas: seven chapels utterly destroyed, two others without roofs.

"I arrived at San Juan about 9:30. All were well, even though they had passed through quite an ordeal of rain and wind. The Parents' Association, together with the Sisters, our Fathers, and Miss James, our Catholic Medical Missionary nurse, had already begun relief work. Hundreds were being fed at our 'Comedor Escolar' (School Lunch Counter); a number were lodged in the school; two rooms were used in a private house as a hospital. The Governor's wife and the Red Cross are lending cooperation."

Father Strassburger, C.Ss.R., of Mayaguez, adds the following touch in his report:

"For the past three years I have been in charge of one of the little chapels in the country district of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, a section under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. This particular chapel boasts of a prettily carved altar, whose center piece is a large picture of the Mother of Perpetual Help. The poor, simple peasant people of the neighborhood have a special devotion to our Blessed Mother under this title. . . . It is a devotion planted deep and firm in the hearts of the people who are ever in need of help. Many an earnest prayer has been said before that image; many a pair of lips has been pressed against it. . . .

"During the recent hurricane that swept through the tropics and changed the Enchanted Isle into a bleak desert, most of the Redemptorist chapels—eleven of them—were destroyed. This little sanctuary of our Mother of Perpetual Help was one of them. The hundred and fifty mile gale that swept across the hill where it stands, carried away the entire roof of the structure. Beams snapped, rafters tumbled, and the walls caved in with a crash, destroying statues, pictures, pews, practically all the simple furnishings of the little sanctuary. But amidst the ruins, the shrine of our Mother of Perpetual Help stands uninjured, not even the glass that covers the large paper picture is broken."

IN THE WEST INDIES

The Rt. Rev. James Moris, C.Ss.R., Bishop of Roseau, Island of Dominica, Br. W. I., sends the following report and appeal:

"Reports of the devastating hurricane which swept through the diocese of Roseau and struck all the Islands belonging to it, have reached the States several weeks ago. Needless to repeat the tremendous losses sustained and the sufferings endured by the people during and after the gale. Words cannot express, nor can pen describe the awful destruc-

tion wrought and the fright experienced during those never-to-be-forgotten twelve hours.

"I shall only relate the special needs of the Catholic Church in the little Island of Montserrat, which happened to be in the very path of the hurricane and had to bear its whole brunt.

"In Montserrat the Catholic church, a solid stone building, was razed to the ground; all its contents were utterly destroyed. The Blessed Sacrament was buried under the ruins; and as the altar had been blown far away from its place to the bottom of the church before the latter crashed down, it took seven days of strenuous work before it could be found.

"The chapel of ease in St. Patrick's district, also a stone building, was not only destroyed, but the very stones were scattered far and wide by the wind.

"The Catholic school was carried by the tempest to a neighboring cotton field and smashed to pieces.

"The convent is a total wreck. The four Sisters were hidden for twelve hours under the wreckage while more than twelve inches of rain came down on them. The presbytery was badly damaged and all the outhouses destroyed. In fact, the Catholic mission of Montserrat is ruined. Outside help is most urgently requested, not only to rebuild the ruined properties, but also to refurnish them. Some small amounts have already been received from kind benefactors, but at least \$20,000 more is needed. Every gift, however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged."

Anybody that wishes to send help to Bishop Moris or the Fathers in Porto Rico may send it directly or to THE LIGUORIAN. We shall see that all contributions are forwarded at once.

Provided you were sincerely sorry for them, do not be uneasy on account of sins mentioned in your confessions. Confide like the Prophet Jonas: "I know that Thou art a gracious God, patient and of much compassion, and easy to forgive evil."

Beware lest you shatter, by some dereliction of yours, not only the "white ideal" a friend has formed of your character, but also his very faith in virtue and truth themselves.

How the Son Converted His Father

KARL FAERBER, C.Ss.R.

"Father, will you please go with me today? I am going to Telgte, the place of pilgrimage." "Not today; another time," was the answer, and with a heavy and sad heart the boy left the presence of his unapproachable father.

It made him sad in the extreme to see his family and especially his father so indifferent and cold in matters of religion. He himself, for it was none other than William Achtermann, the renowned sculptor, had experienced in early life the benefit of a truly Catholic education: he had fallen into the care of tender and devoted religious teachers and they planted in his heart a love for virtue and piety. Well did these teachers perform their labor of love, for the piety of this youth was real, deep, and tender; and his love for virtue was likewise remarkable. Hence, he felt the apathy of his parents very greatly.

He prayed constantly for his family, that they might again return to the fervor of former days. But above all, he had set out to bring about the conversion of his father, believing that by this conversion he would also effect the conversion of the rest of the family. He reasoned that if the father were again a fervent Christian, the rest of the family would follow his example. He placed his confidence altogether in the power of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who was honored in a special way at Telgte, a place near Muenster, his home. He was constantly drawn to this picture and to this holy place—and at each visit he redoubled his prayers for his own. His prayer must be heard sooner or later.

"If I could only once succeed in getting father to come with me, our Blessed Lady would surely change him completely." William knew that the sight of the sword-pierced heart of the Mother of God would bring about the desired change in his parent—as it had caused astounding changes in others more hard than his father.

For ever so long had his father refused him his well-meant request; and always with the selfsame words: "Not today; another time." Or, at times, he would ever receive a more drastic refusal: "I have no time for such mummary"; or again, "Don't be pestering the life out of me with this constant begging." No matter what the time, no matter what the occasion, poor William was destined to be disappointed.

Nothing daunted, he kept repeating his requests, and one fine day he courageously asked: "Father, will you go to Telgte with me?" The unexpected happened. Wonder of wonders: today his father is willing and even ready! How the heart of William rejoiced at this unexpected answer! And how his whole being seems to be refreshed when the father actually accompanies him to the shrine! But alas! once there the father thinks of everything excepting prayer. "Come with me, father, to the Calvary grotto!" And the answer is: "You can go there. I will remain here in the tavern and wait for your return."

Such an answer he had not expected. Tears flowed from his eyes in abundance. He left and alone went up to the shrine—the shrine of the sorrowing Mother and to the Calvary, to pray as he had never prayed before for the conversion of his dear father.

And the father, in the meantime, sat in the tavern. It was cool there and of cooling drinks he could have all he wanted. Still, in spite of the long walk in the hot sun, his beer did not taste right today. It almost nauseated him.

There was a ferment in his heart, too. The tears of his son, the thought that this same child was even now at the shrine praying just for him who was sitting in this tavern with a sin-laden heart and no faith—these things awoke in him a sense of the things of a better world. He seemed filled with fear. Yet he stayed and waited.

When his devotions were over, William returned to the tavern and asked his father home. All seemed hopeless now. Yet he had confidence.

The following Sunday the father asked the son—tables turned this time—to go to the holy place. William wanted to visit the Calvary once again, but was loathe to press the father.

God's grace had, however, pierced through the thick veil of indifference and unbelief. "I am going along," said the father with a thick voice. His manner always was true to that of his country's ways and manners: short, curt and to the point; not a word wasted. Father and son knelt side by side as they prayed. The conversion of the father was a fact. His interior was disturbed and his exterior manner showed the conflict that was going on within. It did not take long till he had made his peace with God in the Sacrament of Penance. And the rest of the family followed the example of its head.

Some time later the son had to leave for distant places. He had

already taken leave of his mother and his sisters. But the father seems unwilling to let him go. He finally yields to the force of circumstances and consents to his departure. And then accompanies William to the city limits and farther for quite a distance.

When they came to one of those familiar crosses by the wayside the parent halted—and here he prepares to bid a final farewell.

"My dearest boy," he begins, "ordinarily children have to thank their parents for their education. In our case it is the opposite. You have brought your father to better ways by your prayer and example when that father was cold and indifferent and had almost lost all faith. You have led the entire family to a Christian life; you have been a blessing in our home. I know not how I can thank you for that. You are going away and I cannot tell you in words how hard it is for me to see you go; how hard to part with you."

And this father, raising his tear-dimmed eyes to the Crucified Christ, lays his hand on the head of his now kneeling son and asks God to bless and keep his child.

Mother Mary, help us all
To please thy Son,
Our God, our All;
Help me, too, till I have won
That glorious crown:
To love thy Son.
Be to us a Mother mild,
E'en to me, thy lowly child.

Each Rosary is a golden chain, each a ladder to light souls heavenward; each is an instrument of music set to angelic notes. A thoroughly vocal prayer in itself, each decade is, nevertheless, a meditation. By the five joyful mysteries, those white roses of innocence—by the five sorrowful mysteries, those red roses of the Passion—by the five glorious mysteries, those golden-hued roses of the heavenly and immortal glory surrounding and following the Resurrection of Jesus Christ—those events are all brought before us, and form the scenes of countless meditations.

To serve the public faithfully and at the same time please it entirely is impracticable.—*Franklin*.

Catholic Anecdotes

CORRECTING A MISTAKE

Cardinal Farnese, who was called the "Protector of the Poor," on account of his great charity, had the habit of giving audience to the needy once or twice a week in the ante-room of his palace, in order to assist each one according to his individual need.

One day a lady came who seemed to be in great distress. Having heard of the Cardinal's generosity, she concluded to present her petition as the others did. The good prelate to whom her countenance and actions displayed much modesty, encouraged her to tell what she needed. Blushing and shedding tears, she said: "Gracious Sir! I owe five crowns for house rent. I am in such circumstances that I cannot pay them. Wherefore I beg of Your Eminence to intercede with my landlord for me that he may have patience until I can procure the money."

The Cardinal told her to be of good heart. He immediately wrote a note and, handing it to the widow, said: "Present this to my steward and he will give you five crowns to pay your rent at once."

Overwhelmed with joy the poor widow thanked the prelate a thousand times and went straight to his servant. She handed him the note, and after reading it he gave her 50 crowns.

Much surprised, the woman declined to take more than five crowns. She asserted that she had asked for no more and felt sure he had made a mistake.

On the other hand, the steward insisted that the order called for the amount he had given her and he could not doubt that such was the intention of his master.

But nothing could persuade her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon the steward proposed to go to the Cardinal and inquire about the matter. This was done and when the generous prelate heard what had taken place, he replied: "It is true, I had made a mistake in writing fifty crowns. Give me the paper and I will correct it."

After a moment's pause he handed back the order saying: "Such honesty deserves to be rewarded. Instead of five crowns let it be five hundred."

Pointed Paragraphs

WHAT SHE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND

A non-Catholic lady, says the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, has been asking one of our friends to select a good Catholic high school for her daughter.

This lady, deeply impressed by the religious atmosphere of Catholic convent schools and the example of the Catholic Sisters, is eager to give her daughter the advantages of a religious education. Her husband and all the members of her family are non-Catholics.

This non-Catholic lady appreciates the value of Catholic education. There is one thing which she does not understand.

"How is it?" she asked our friend, "that there are Catholic parents who pass by the wonderful Catholic high schools and send their children to non-sectarian schools?"

"I cannot understand," says this lady, "the attitude of these Catholic parents. I do not understand why they do not appreciate that which these schools have to offer them. I think one of the greatest reasons for pride which a Catholic has, is the educational system of his Church. Please try to explain to me why we outsiders appreciate that system so much, while there are Catholic mothers and fathers who do not appreciate it."

BE SOCIABLE

What a London priest says about some of his parishioners, says the *Catholic Northwest Progress*, could be very well applied to thousands of Catholics in this country.

"Some people go to church and do not know half a dozen parishioners, proving that there is not enough sociability among Catholics. It may be true that Protestants make too much of the social side of Christianity. But it is also true that we Catholics have gone to the other extreme. There is something wrong when a Catholic feels a greater brotherliness for the members of his club than he does for the member-

ship of his church. He has failed to grasp the relationship into which Catholicism initiates him."

Some Catholics, particularly in the larger cities, seldom give a thought to friendliness. On their way to and from church, they pass fellow parishioners with nary a smile. They can see faces that have been familiar for years pass them by without venturing a cheery "good morning."

HELP THE POOR SOULS

Do you remember, dear reader, that last morning of the mission given some years ago? It was not the Sunday morning—no, it was the Monday morning, after all the festivities of Saturday evening with its dedication to the Blessed Mother of children and adults and after the solemn closing sermon of Sunday afternoon or evening. Then on that Monday morning the Missionaries asked all to come once more to receive Holy Communion—and all for the Souls of the Faithful Departed: of your own deceased relatives and friends and benefactors; of the souls of the faithful of the parish; of the souls of the benefactors and founders of the parish; of the souls for whom no one is any longer praying; in short, of all the souls in Purgatory. How impressive it was! How it filled your heart with compassion and pity for these souls! How generously you sacrificed some of your sleep and, perhaps, even a small portion of your salary! And all to be of benefit and help to those who can and do help us so wonderfully!

Now the month of November is here. It is the month of the Poor Souls. And now you have an opportunity of putting into effect the resolution which you made on that glorious occasion—of never forgetting the Souls.

How can you help them? I repeat what you heard in the sermon of that eventful after-mission morning. You can help them by your prayers for them; you can help by hearing Holy Mass; you can help by receiving Holy Communion for them; you can help by making every effort to gain as many indulgences as possible during the course of the month; you can help them most of all by having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them.

They cry out to you. They beg of your charity not to forget them. They incessantly seek to remind you of that resolution to help them. Now is your opportunity; now the acceptable time.

But, then, why help them only at stated times? Why not make it a perpetual help, and an every-day help that you give them?

There is the St. Joseph Mass League that offers you an opportunity of helping them every day, even though you should perhaps not directly think of them at all.

The St. Joseph's Mass League is a League in which six Holy Masses are offered for them every day of the entire year—when their names are enrolled for membership for the course of one year. All that is required for this membership is that you make the offering of one dollar and supply the name of the particular soul you wish to have benefited by your donation.

Or, make it a perpetual remembrance—as long as the world shall last—by offering the stipend for such perpetual membership. This stipend is reasonable—ten dollars. And the remembrance goes on from generation to generation, long after you yourself have passed into another and better life.

Or, make it even more—a remembrance of even yourself by now enrolling as a living member of the league—the benefit of these six Masses to be for your own soul after the good Lord has called you to Himself. And as long as you shall continue to live, you will receive the benefit of these Masses as well as of the prayers of those souls whom you are helping during the course of your own life.

A PRAYER AND ITS AFTERMATH

The son of a well-known Jew in Baltimore was dangerously ill, and a Catholic friend, knowing how dear the boy was to his father, wrote to the Sisters of the Carmelite Convent asking them to remember the boy in their prayers.

The Mother Superior not only had prayers offered, but she wrote a consoling letter to the father, asking him not to become discouraged, but to pray fervently. The father was touched.

The day the Jew received the letter, he met a friend who, in the course of conversation, boasted of being an atheist.

"So you are an atheist?" said the Jew. "Well, some of these days, when someone who is near and dear to you is ill, you will forget about your atheism, and think only of God. You may not think you need God, but I can tell you that I am one who needs God and who wants His help."

That same day the Jew met his Catholic friend who had written to the convent. The Jew spoke about the letter he had received. The Catholic explained the life of the Carmelite nuns. As he finished his explanation, his Jewish friend exclaimed:

"And to think there are people who profess to be Christians and who preach hatred of such women!"

NOT IN POLITICS

Dr. Arthur Wakefield Salten, pastor of the West Side Unitarian Church of New York City, told his congregation, Sunday, that he had made a personal and comprehensive survey of what the Catholic press is saying about a Catholic presidential candidate, and that he did not find a single appeal in a Catholic organ for Catholic political solidarity.

"One of the amazing facts of the campaign," says a Washington newspaper correspondent recently returned from an extensive tour of the country, "is that nowhere have the bigots been successful in pinning meddling charges on Catholic Priests or Catholic laymen.

"I know it to be a fact that there is everywhere a close check being made on Catholics to see if they are meddling as a church in politics. Three distinct investigations, if you want to call them such, are being made.

"One is by prominent laymen in the evangelical churches who are trying to prove their old, old claims that the Catholic Church is in politics. They haven't discovered a single case to substantiate their charges.

"The second is by a group of politicians who for political purposes are anxious to make it appear that the religious issue was dragged into this campaign by the Catholics themselves. They haven't discovered a single case to substantiate their charges, else the front pages would long ago have been filled with their discoveries.

"The third is by government officials at Washington who have no ulterior motive but who investigate matters of this kind. They have found nothing.

"The reason nothing has been discovered is obviously because there is nothing to discover. It stands out just as plain as day that the Catholic Church is not in politics."

If you want to know the value of money—go and try to borrow some.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE (Continued)

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Again, the similarity existing between Perpetual Help and what actually transpired in the Garden of Gethsemani is, indeed, surprisingly striking; so much so, in fact, that Fr. D'Orazio among many others, was led to declare that the artist's principal intention was "to represent the sorrowful scenes of Gethsemani as actually transpiring during the infancy of our Savior." To be convinced of this consider only these three points: 1. In the Garden Christ was afflicted almost to death where He beheld in vision the terrible tortures of the Passion He was about to undergo. "My soul," He said, "is sorrowful even unto death." Our Picture shows the Christ Child trembling and all affrighted at sight of the implements of His future sufferings. 2. An Angel appeared to strengthen the weakened Christ when "His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground." "And there appeared to Him," says Holy Scripture, "an Angel from heaven strengthening Him." In our Picture encouragement seems to stand out conspicuously in the bodily composure and steady features of the Angels. And 3. When the heart-rent Savior sought comfort and consolation from His disciples He found them sleeping, "for their eyes were heavy." In Perpetual Help He turns to His Mother, hoping to find strength and compassion in her motherly heart; but she too appears less concerned about her suffering Son, than about the welfare of her adopted children. As we look at her we can almost hear her say somewhat reproachfully, yet at the same time most lovingly: "Behold, my dear children how much I have borne for you. For you I have willingly offered up my only Son in bloody sacrifice upon Calvary's cruel cross; for you I suffered sorrow's seven-pointed sword to sink deep into my tender mother-heart. All this I have done, and more. Will you not, then, turn to me for I will perpetually help you—and with me love and serve my Son?" As we turn aside from contemplating so sweet a Mother we almost brush away *that* stray tear.

To the Greek, likewise, the remembrance of Mary's share in her Son's sufferings was always most dear and always struck a most responsive cord in his religious heart. He enshrined it in his poetry and his prose; he painted it time and again in his pictures; he sang it constantly in his church. His liturgical books are like so many gardens, in which the flowers—passion flowers, indeed—are the numerous antiphons, commemorative of our Lady's Sorrows, which he is accustomed to chant during the course of the year. These, too, no doubt, proved a source for our artist's inspiration. Here are only two examples:

"O Virgin, free from sin, Mother of Christ our God, thy most holy soul was pierced with a sword when, of thine own free will, thou didst behold the Crucifixion of thy Son and thy God. Wherefore, do not cease to implore Him, O Blessed Lady, that He may grant us pardon for our sins."

"Contemplating the Redeemer of the world, she who gave Him birth, said with tears: 'The world rejoices to receive redemption, but my bosom is afflicted with pain at sight of the Crucifixion which Thou, my Son, and my God, hast endured for all mankind.'"

And, finally, the artist might have caught his thought from the rising devotion to the Passion of Christ and the Dolors of Mary, due in great part to the ardent preaching of those zealous and stalwart sons of St. Francis, who went up hill and down dale, in city and country, forever telling to willing listeners the tale of Christ and Him crucified; and to the reawakened memories and freshly enkindled love of Calvary, brought about by those giants of the Church—the Crusaders—who sang to the meadows and the mountain our Lady's beautiful antiphon—"The Hail Holy Queen"—as they trudged bravely on to wrest Jerusalem from the clutching hand of the Turk.

Whether the above material was the mine in which our artist dug up the gold of his inspiration, or whether he came by it in holy vision, we do not know; but we do know that he has cloaked in the immortal robes of color a thought that will never die—a thought that "age cannot wither nor custom state"—a thought that smites for sin and lifts for hope in its very blow.

THE APOSTOLIC MASTERPIECE AND PERPETUAL HELP

Parent traits are often found in the offspring. It is this fact that enables us to trace the origin of Perpetual Help down the centuries to

Apostolic times—to the time when St. Luke the Evangelist painted his masterpiece—the Hodegetria. Such is the subject-matter of our present paper.

The first point, then, to be established is that St. Luke the Evangelist was not only a physician and a man of letters, but also a painter, or artist, if you will. That he was a physician, the words of St. Paul leave undoubted, for he says in his Epistle to the Colossians, in chapter 4, verse 14: "Luke, the most dear physician, saluteth you." That he was skilled in letters his Gospel as well as his Acts of the Apostles amply testify. But was he, as has been commonly held among the Orientals from Apostolic times, also acquainted with the brush and palette? Some who have studied this question only superficially exclaim with a belittling smile: That is simply tradition—meaning by tradition a legend, a myth, or a fable without any historical background. But is it? Let me produce but three authorities—I would show more if space allowed—to prove that St. Luke the Evangelist was not only an artist, but that he actually painted a picture of the Blessed Virgin holding the Child Jesus in her arms.

1. Nicephorus Callistus relates of Theodore Lector, who lived about the year 500, that he records in his history—now unfortunately lost—that "Eudoxia sent from the city of Jerusalem to Pulcheria (at Constantinople) a picture of the Mother of God, which the Apostle Luke had painted."

2. St. Germanus, who was Patriarch of Constantinople about the year 733, is reported by the Deacon Stephen in 808 to have said: "Immediately after the Ascension of Christ into heaven, pictures were made, . . . even that picture of the Mother of God which was painted by St. Luke the Evangelist."

3. In the ninth century the Patriarch and Bishops of the Orient wrote as follows in their synodal letter to the Emperor Theophilus: "The holy Apostle and Evangelist Luke painted on a tablet in mixed paints (that is, with colors nicely proportioned) the saintly and venerable picture of the Mother of God, who was then still living in the flesh and dwelling on Mount Sion; and he bequeathed this picture of the most chaste Virgin to posterity, that it might behold her, as it were, in a mirror. And when (St. Luke) showed her this picture, she said: 'Gratia mea eam comitabitur'—My favor shall accompany it." And that her favor did accompany this picture we shall see below.

Under stress of this testimony we are forced to lament with Fr. Henze, C.Ss.R., that "it is with sorrow that we have seen how almost all the modern critics discard this beautiful tradition of the East as certainly *false*. But where, we ask, are their arguments establishing them in certitude?"

To proceed with the history of the picture: St. Luke sent his painting to Theophilus at Antioch, to whom he previously forwarded his Gospel and his Acts of the Apostles. Some years later—between 438 and 460—the Empress Eudoxia was journeying through Palestine. There she received this coveted picture as a gift, and sent it back to Constantinople to her sister-in-law, St. Pulcheria. St. Pulcheria was a wealthy woman, whose chief delight lay in using her fortune to erect temples to God. Thus, when she received this treasured token of affection she built a beautiful church to serve as its shrine, in the northern part of the city of Constantinople not far from the Sea of Marmora. In the course of time this church, together with its adjacent monastery, became known as the church and monastery of the "Leaders of the Way"—which is the English translation of the original Greek word "Hodegōn." Why this church was so named is disputed among authorities. Some, as Beissel, think it refers to the guides or ciceroni, who lived in the city and were leaders of the way to visiting tourists. Others, as Holweck, conjecture that the church itself was dedicated to the Guardian Angels who go before men as leaders along the way of salvation. However, this much is certain, that henceforth St. Luke's picture was to be known—in art circles—as the *Hodegetria*—a name evidently derived from the church in which it resided—the Hodegōn. This is confirmed by Nicetas Acominatus Choniata, who writes in his History of Isaac Angelus about the year 1220: "The Emperor . . . ordered (his soldiers) to carry about the walls (of the city) . . . the picture of the Mother of God which is called Hodegetria from the Hodegian monastery." In the Acathist Hymn a mystic meaning is also attached to the picture. "Hail, thou column of fire," it begins, "who doth show the way to those who are in darkness." And finally Vincent of Beauvais advances another reason, inasmuch as the Blessed Virgin had been a leader of the way to two blind men who—at her counsel—were led to this image where they regained their sight. These last two reasons for the name seems to be too fantastic; yet, that our Lady was really a leader of the way to her people at Constantinople these few extracts will clearly demonstrate.

Catholic Events

The death in Los Angeles of the noted convert, Mr. Harry Wilson, on Sept. 21, deserves to be recorded. His career is worth consideration.

Mr. Harry Wilson, says the Los Angeles Tidings, was born at Banbury, England, 1852. His father, Rev. William Wilson, was rector of Banbury. He was educated at Brighton College, and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took B.A. and M.A. degrees. His first curacy was at Rugby. Next he was appointed rector of Worton, Oxford. From here he went to St. Augustine's, Stepney, London, where he worked for twenty years.

Mr. Wilson came to America, August, 1906, at the invitation of the Episcopal Bishop of Milwaukee, to serve as Rector of the Cathedral of that city. The Bishop died three weeks after his arrival, but Mr. Wilson remained at the Cathedral till May, 1907, when he went to Pasadena, California. He never had full charge of a parish, but constantly assisted various clergy and took temporary charge of numerous parishes in Los Angeles and neighborhood.

He became editor of the American Catholic, an Episcopal monthly, in November, 1908, and remained so till shortly before his reception into the Catholic Church, on January 30, 1917.

For one year he was instructor in mathematics at Loyola College. In the fall of 1918 he started "The Harry Wilson Magazine Agency," at which he continued till the time of his death. His interest in the distribution of Catholic literature never grew cold, in spite of the hard struggle to make a livelihood. He was for some years President of the Catholic Truth Society of Los Angeles.

Two paragraphs from Mr. Wilson's letters to his Anglican friends may be recalled to show his courage in following the light. He wrote:

"In 'going over,' there comes a time when waiting is no longer possible. While one is doubtful one must wait; when the doubt passes away, one cannot wait. One can only trust God and go on in the path which He shows one, even if it seems to be strewn with thorns.

"With my earnest prayers for God's blessing upon all whom I have been privileged in any way to help during my ministrations in the Anglican Communion, and with my deepest love and sympathy, I remain affectionately—Harry Wilson."

* * *

Another death that comes as a distinct loss not only to the Church but to the whole scientific world, is that of Dr. Ludwig von Pastor, the eminent and internationally recognized historian.

Ludwig von Pastor was one of the greatest scholars of his age and one of the greatest historians of all times. His great work is the "Geschichte der Paepste" (History of the Popes), eleven volumes of

which have appeared, the twelfth being in press. The first volume came out in 1886. Seven of the volumes have been translated into English. It is the best work in its field.

Besides this monumental and exhaustive history of the Popes, he also published other authoritative volumes and articles. Since 1901 he was director of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome; since 1920 he was Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See; and was a member of innumerable learned academies and societies.

It is interesting to recall, says the Buffalo Echo, that in the early days of the Catholic University of America, Dr. von Pastor was invited by the Rector at the time, Bishop Keane, to occupy the chair of church history in that promising institution, but declined on the ground that a removal to America would take him too far away from the archives and libraries upon which he had to depend to carry on his great work on the History of the Popes.

* * *

Conversations looking toward a concordat between Prussia and the Vatican have been concluded, according to a report from Berlin. Details are withheld until details have been submitted to the Prussian Cabinet.

The Vossische Zeitung says that the Vatican proposes the establishment of three new Bishopricks. One of these would be at Berlin, another at Essen for the large population of Catholics in the Ruhr industrial regions, and the third at Kammin, to revive the Bishopricks in northeastern Germany.

It is understood that under the proposed Concordat the Bishops would be appointed directly by the Holy See after consultation with the Prussian government.

* * *

"You are to have the privilege of working under the American flag side by side with other Americans without distinction of creed on behalf of a sorely stricken people."

These words were part of the farewell talk given by Cardinal Hayes to the medical unit of the Catholic Relief Mission for Porto Rico, which sailed on September 29, for the areas devastated by the recent hurricane.

The unit which consisted of two doctors and six nurses, assembled by St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, at forty-eight hours' notice.

The Holy Father having cabled to Prof. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., President of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, that he could put the Association resources at the disposal of any emergency body formed to meet the acute need of the Porto Ricans. The unit sent to the Island will work in conjunction with the American Red Cross.

* * *

Catholic education again won a notable triumph on Saturday evening, Oct. 13, when three Catholic high school boys were awarded first, second, and third places in the International Oratorical Contest held in the Washington Auditorium, Washington, D. C.

The high school speech making championship went to Rene Ponthieu, eighteen-year-old Parisian student, who won the decision on the second ballot. Jose de Tomaso, of Argentina, was judged second best;

and William Fox, Jr., of Canada, a student of de la Salle Christian Brothers' Academy in London, Ont., won third place.

Of the eight contestants, national champions in their respective countries, six were Catholic students who received their high school training in Catholic schools.

* * *

A good book, someone has said, is an event. That is why we wish to chronicle the following new books:

NOVELS AND JUVENILES—The Town on the Hill. By Mrs. George Norman. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.50. Mary Rose at Rose Gables. By Mary Mabel Wirries. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.00. Dan's Worst Friend. By Robert E. Holland, S.J. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION—Eucharistic Whisperings. Vol. IV. By Winifred Herbst, S.D.S. St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, 35c and 65c. Showers of Graces. A prayer book. By Rev. P. A. Resch, S.M.S.T.D. Price, 35c and up. Adoration. A book for the Holy Hour. By Rev. F. A. Reuter. Benziger Bros. Price, \$3.00. The Sunday Missal. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger. Price, \$1.00.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST—The Life of Christ. By Pere Didon. B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, \$3.75. Christ in the Old and New Testament. By Sister M. Gonzaga. B. Herder. Price, \$3.00. The Saviour as St. Matthew saw Him. Vol. I. (For priests and Religious). By F. J. Hagganey, S.J. B. Herder. Price, \$2.50. The Gospel for the Laity. (The teachings of Christ for everyone). By Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. B. Herder. Price, \$2.00.

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FOR CHILDREN—The Story of St. Francis for Children. By Sister M. Eleonore, C.S.C. Benziger. Price, 25c. God's Wonderland. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Benziger. Price, 25c.

Some Good Books

Oatcakes and Sulphur. By James Leonard McGuire. Published by the Patrician Publishers, Quebec, Canada.

In eight chapters—the book runs to only eighty-one pages—Mr. McGuire gives us a somewhat unusual apologetic for God's existence and the Church.

His method is strikingly personal, and his argument is delivered in bold, clean-cut, often ringing statements. He has the courage of his convictions. No doubt such books will have their appeal and do good.

Manna Almanac for 1929. The Young Folks Delight. Published by the Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, 25c; quantity prices on request.

Manna Almanac, which has been with us for many years, comes with its usual appeal to children. It is one of the best almanacs in this field.

What Priests Never Tell. By Will W. Whalen. Published by Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.00.

Father Whalen strikes a note all his own among our Catholic novelists. His books have all the verve and piquancy of best sellers, and while they present scenes from the lives of Catholics—at times rather unusual—they convey many a lesson to the understanding. His titles are altogether original. "What Priests Never Tell" ought to attract many a reader—and he will be rewarded with an interesting story.

Bluegowns. A Golden Treasury of Tales of the China Missions. By Alice Dease. Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, N. Y. Price, \$1.50.

The efforts and successes of our heroic priests, lay-brothers and Sisters in the foreign mission field hold perennial interest for our Catholic young people as well as for their elders. And Alice Dease, an accomplished writer, knows how to select her material and present it in a way to captivate all.

Such a book not only offers the best kind of entertainment, but also information on life and customs among the Chinese—all the more reliable because gathered from everyday contact with

the natives. This book will make an excellent Christmas gift for any lad or lass. It is also well illustrated.

The Archbishop's Pocket-Book. By the Rev. H. J. Heuser, D.D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$2.15.

And what have we here? The title scarcely gives a clue. On reading, however, we find very life-like and readable comments and discussions on many topics of interest and also to the layman who wishes to be well-informed. The discussions are carried on in an outspoken and often delightfully humorous way. Seminaries, professors, diocesan newspapers, spiritual life, chaplains of prisons, social action, church wealth, are among the subjects "talked about." Even "Tramps" have their fling.

The Silent Anchorite in the Tabernacle. By the Rev. F. X. Esser, S.J. Adapted from the German by Kathleen Jackson. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.75.

The subtitle of the book explains that these are meditations on Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. As such they are commendable because they are full of thought, and present old truths from a new angle. Moreover they are instinct with fervor. For this reason they will serve well not only for an hour of reflection or reading, but also for an hour of prayer. Priests and Sisters who are seeking a new book for the Holy Hour will find a new appeal in this book.

Shibboleths. Tests in Teaching Efficiency. By Sister Marie Paula, Ph.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.75.

In twelve chapters Sister Marie Paula discusses various phases of the teacher's work. As associate professor of English at the College of Mt. St. Vincent, New York, she must have had a great deal of experience; the essays give evidence of this. The teacher who reads the book will find in it many valuable hints and new inspiration. As we would expect from a Sister, a deep Faith pulses through the lines.

Lucid Intervals

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes!" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set; and she can't say a word.

"Perhaps she has lockjaw?" said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are around this way some time next week, I wish you would look in and see what you can do for her."

"The man who gives in when he is wrong, said the orator, "is a wise man, but the man who gives in when he is right is—"

"Married," said a weak voice in the audience.

A young lady entered a stationery store and asked for a pound of floor wax.

"I'm sorry, Miss," replied the clerk. "We only sell sealing wax."

"Don't be silly," she remarked, "Why should anyone want to wax a ceiling?"

Izzy—What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Dizzy—Search me.

Izzy—Why ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

Two darkies who had succeeded in reducing the population of a henhouse were making a hurried departure.

"Mose," panted one, "Why does dem skitters stay so close to us?"

"Dem ain't no skitters," gasped Mose, "Dem's buckshot."

George—There goes a fellow that whistles at danger.

Sam—He must be a very brave fellow. Who is he?

George—A locomotive engineer.

"I think we should have more clubs for women."

Oh, I don't know. We ought to try kindness first."

Yesterday I went to the telephone to give an order to my butcher. As the operator was getting the number our dog came in and jumped on my lap. Greeting the dog I said:

"Hello, you old cow."

Perhaps you can visualize how utterly embarrassed I felt when the butcher replied:

"How do you do?"

Mother, at the supper table—"Johnny, why are you staring at the minister?"

Johnny—"Waitin' to see him eat his head off like you said he would."

McDonald—"My uncle in Scotland has just sent me his photograph."

Friend—"What does he look like?"

McDonald—"I don't know; I haven't had it developed yet."

Mother—"Bobbie, is grandma asleep?"

Bobbie—"Yes, all except her nose."

Daughter—"Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?"

Mother—"Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the back yard."

"I had to kill my dog this morning."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

Salesman—"Do you want this suit with a belt in the back and a cuff on the pants?"

Collegian—"No. Do you want a sock in the eye?"

Lady of the House—"You are making a terrible noise with that soup."

Tramp—"It ain't me, lady. It's de acoustics of dis soup plate what's bad."

A colored man had died and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Washington live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassah," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

"Tse de remains," she answered proudly.

Redemptorist Scholarships

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